

## [Virginia Suffolk]

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Route 1

Avon Park, Florida

Poultry Farmer

Barbara [??], writer

Veronica [?], reviser

VIRGINIA SUFFOLK

A velvet lawn sloping to the waters of the clear little lake, surrounded the clean white cottage of Virginia suffolk. Beds of bright flowers fused their colors with the groan of the lawn, and [?] added their shade to this transplanted English country [scene?]. White-washed poultry houses were spread out behind the house. Ducks and geese, floating lazily on the lake, looked up quizzically as I approached.

My knock on the vestibule door was answered by the [stately?], silver-haired Mrs. Suffolk.

"Come in," she invited graciously.

I stepped inside and followed her through the hall to the living room.

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"I'm so glad you came," she continued, "I am just ready to sit down to a spot of tea, and being a sociable soul I prefer having someone to share it with me. Will you?"

While she retired to the kitchen to bring the tea things, I seated myself in a large comfortable chair near the front windows. The room was [?] English even to the leaded windows, although it was comfortable and homelike in appearance. There were several overstuffed chairs combined with a wicker suite and an attractive desk tucked into an [?]. Pictures hung about the walls, and books and magazines were in evidence everywhere.

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Mrs. Suffolk returned with our tea and cakes, and I made known the purpose of my visit. She accepted my explanation in the same gracious manner she had invited me into her home, adding that she would be glad to furnish any information I needed.

"My husband, John, had some work to do in town today," she proffered apologetically, "so he won't be home until nightfall. He was going to do this work after he made his egg deliveries. He wouldn't be much help anyway, because he doesn't like to talk, but I do!"

The latter broke the preciseness of her speech, and she smiled:

"I often tell John that he is fortunate having such a sociable wife, else we would be hermits and live off in the woods somewhere, instead of on this lovely lake here in Avon Park. But he is growing old now and seems to care less for the world and other people all the time. However, he's just as kind and good hearted as anyone can be and never objects to me having all the friends I want. He also lets me bring people here for help and assistance."

Striking chimes arrested my attention. Looking up I beheld a fine old [??] clock above the desk. It was sounding the quarter hour.

"John is proud of that clock," remarked Mrs. Suffolk, "it is very old and sometimes refuses to work. The chimes are always stopping suddenly, then without warning they start up

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again. If they fail to chime in the night though, we both wake up immediately, otherwise we sleep soundly.

Thoughtfulness filled her eyes as she paused to glance through the windows toward the shining lake; hoping by chance to run back the years and find the past reflected in the calm waters.

Seated [?] on a straight-back chair, I saw Virginia Suffolk as 3 a part of her English livingroom. Her silvered hair rising above the plainness of her neat house dress, the healthy glow of her clear skin, her work roughened hand folded in her lap, and the plain brown oxfords that encased her feet.

“That old Seth Thomas has been a fine friend,” she [added?] without turning, “it use to sooth John so after he was hurt in a car wreck. Yes, John was seriously injured when a young girl in a high-powered car came rushing out from a side street and crashed into our old Ford.”

Turning around she took up her teacup and resumed her story.

“As I just mentioned, John is so kind hearted, and when he was able to leave the hospital after that accident there was another man there who didn't have anyone to help him. He had been struck by a hit and run driver and the culprit, who was the son of wealthy parents, refused to do a thing. So when John came home I brought Mr. [?] too. We have plenty of room in this large house, as you can see, and I always enjoy nursing people anyway. We kept Mr. [?] here for about five months. I had to teach him to walk all over again.

“Our [?] were terribly limited at that time, but friends came in and helped, and one man who is a poultry farmer just took charge, so we didn't suffer too badly.

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"Finally though, the man whom Mr. [?] had been working for before he got hurt, [?] giving us seven dollars a week for his upkeep. However, I didn't feel that the money belonged to me, so I put every bit of it away for him. Anyway his [?] had stopped when he got hurt and he didn't have anything. [??] that, we weren't sure he'd ever get well enough again to make his way. So I put it away for safe keeping. There was a 4 right tidy amount awaiting him when he did get well.

"But what do you suppose he did!" she exclaimed as she waved her teacup about. He took that money and bought a car. There he was, so old and poor that he couldn't ever make a thing, and he took the money I'd saved him, and bought a car."

After insisting that I have some more tea, she started her life story.

"I was born in Bradford in the north of England some 58 years ago. My maiden name was [?], I had five brothers and three sisters. My father was the only son of wealthy parents, and he was a doctor. I never knew him to practice medicine, if he ever did. He liked to experiment and engage in medical research. He often stated that he studied medicine for its science alone."

[As?] Mrs. Suffolk talked she toyed with the cup in her hand, and I noticed the fragile richness of the china. Looking down at the [littered?] tea tray I also observed the fine old silver and the [odd?] earthenware teapot.

"From childhood," she hurried on, "I too loved the [?] and instruments in his study, and I expect I spent more time browsing among his medical [books?] than I did with my own [?]. I never thought of being a doctor however. Anyway those [?] for [women?] were practically unheard of then, [but I did?] grow up filled with a strong desire to be of some help to my people.

After I completed my literary education, [I?] finally [persuaded?] my father to let me go in training for a nurse. How many years I spent at my early learning I do not [know?], for the

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schools were very different in those times, and then my education was mostly by private instruction under 5 a [governess?].

“In starting my training to be a nurse, I entered the [Blackburn?] Infirmary in [Lanchashire?]. I suppose my father [little?] dreamed that I would [peraevere?] and finish the rigorous course, but I did and graduated as I was nearing 22. With this completed I nursed in England for several years, and made a specialty of children's cases.”

Mrs Suffolk left her chair and walked over to the antique mahogany highboy in one corner of the room; removing several [portraits?] from its top, she brought them to me.

“People always seem interested in pictures of England; those are my parents and my girlhood home.”

Taking a quick glance of her mother and father I observed a slight resemblance to both.

“Though I had plenty of work in England,” she went on, “I was filled with a strong desire to come to the United States. I had always felt a great interest in this land of yours; and would read and study all that I could about it. I always enjoyed meeting Americans and questioned them unduly about their homeland.

“This country always seemed such a land of opportunity for youth. In England we were [somewhat?] limited, especially the middle classes, whereas the United States seemed to offer an unlimited chance for self expression and advancement.

“As my training progressed, so did my determination to come to this country. I bided my time and worked for several years in London. During that time, my father who was violently [opposed?] to my coming here, passed away. My mother had never made such objections, and, as she had other children with her, I was free to leave about [?] or [?]; I do not know 6 which year it was as it was so long ago.”

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As she crossed the room to replace the pictures on the highboy, she motioned to a table on my right.

"I did not stay long in New York," she said, "Because of that child whose picture you see there. I had just finished nursing her through a long illness when I made my trip to the U.S. But soon after arriving, probably a month or six weeks, I received a cablegram [asking?] me to return as she was grieving for me to such an extent that it had caused a relapse. Money was also sent for my passage. Returning to London immediately, I nursed [Catherine?] back to health, and when she became well I came back to the United States, this time to stay. The large picture you see further over on the table is the same girl when she was nearly grown. I kept in touch with her for many years after coming here, but I don't know where she is anymore.

[flash?] of sleek brown bodies and a great deal of barking announced the arrival of two large shepherd dogs. Mrs. Suffolk excused herself and went to feed them. [She soon?] returned with the dogs [swirling?] about her in [?] of joy. Speaking fondly to them, she [?] them to gentle when I reached out to pat their tousled heads.

"I [?] their mother," she hurried to explain," and I raised these two from tiny pups. They are from different litters, and there is about two years difference in their ages. [?], or [Fancyface?], as one of my friends call him, is younger than [Michael?], the other one."

"[?] has a black face with tan markings." She pointed proudly. "Both are fine watch dogs and we have never been bothered with prowlers in the poultry yards. They are also gentle and good-natured."

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She gathered up the tea things and took them to the kitchen; the two dogs [loll?] about the floor awaiting her return.

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Coming back through a succession of rooms from the kitchen she called:

"I know you want me to get on with the history of our poultry farm, but just let me tell you about another English custom that I brought along besides the tea drinking.

"That custom is [?] Tuesday, or Pancake Tuesday as we always called it. My! How we children use to look forward to that day, and lived in anticipation until it arrived. For our dinner on that particular Tuesday we always had pancakes and what pancakes they were!" she exclaimed.

They were made of milk and eggs mixed with white flour, poured very thin and cooked to the consistency of a wafer. Of course, many skillets were used for frying them, because our family was large. But regardless of pan size, only one cake was cooked at a time. This resulted in many pancakes of various sizes, but they were stacked up in tall piles, and when all were done we took our places at the table and the [passing?] began. One was taken at a time, spread with melted butter, sprinkled with sugar and lemon juice and rolled up tightly like a stick, to be eaten with our fingers.

"I taught my friends that custom when I first came here, but within the last few years I have lost my knack at making this type of pancakes, so I have given the custom up entirely."

She glanced about the room, then reached down to fondle the head of Michael who lay at her feet.

"In speaking of England, one usually thinks of us all as [tea?] drinkers, but in the south of England coffee is used as freely as it is here in this country.

"A number of people here have asked me now to make tea. Well, there's different ways and different teas. [Some?] of my people like it boiled until it is literally black, others add leaves to those already [steeped?] and pour boiling 8 water over it; this, when placed on the [hob?] to brew, makes a black thick tea. You know in my homeland many of the homes

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have hobs, these are heavy iron stands built in the fireplace and are used for hanging the teapot on.

“But the proper way to make a brew, is to pour boiling water on fresh leaves, let it stand for a minute then pour it off and you have a fine delicate tea. In England we always serve tea about five in the afternoon accompanied by sandwiches, [cakes?] and frequently, toast and jam.

“If one kept servants they were served with what we called a pick-up-tea’ every morning at 11. If this were not provided they were highly insulted. A pick-up-tea consisted of whatever leftovers were on hand. I continued the practice of this custom after coming to the United States, and whenever I was fortunate enough to have a servant.

“Potatoe cakes are another favorite food of the English people, they are made form mashed potatoes mixed with a little flour, [thinned?] with water and cooked like pancakes.

“While I am on the subject of food,” she remarked with a shake of her head, “I might as well say that it didn't take Texas to tell me to use grapefruit juices in my cooking, because I've been using it in breads and cakes ever since I came to the [Ridge?] Section, and that's been a long time ago. But some people think just because Texas got that idea out, it's new.

She paused again and sighed deeply.

“I specialized in diets and foods along with my training as a nurse; and after coming to the United States I spent some time at the [Battle Creek Sanatorium?] extending my studies and research work.

“It certainly is a wonder that the English people remain so hail 9 and hearty the way they eat, for besides their regular meals and tea, it is nothing to enjoy a midnight snack. But the eating habits of some of the people right here in [Avon Park?] are [?]. [Why!?] They [?]



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nothing for anything but fried or boiled salt pork, fried bread and collard greens. Of course the greens are all right, but the others. My, my, how can they endure it!

“Whenever I can I try to help them assume the proper methods of living, especially where foods are concerned, but it is a difficult and thankless task.”

Dropping this discussion, she reverted back to her personal history and continued:

“Shortly after I came to this country a brother and sister of mine came to Canada to live. I visited them there several times but did not find the country particularly appealing, so decided to take out citizenship papers here in American. My family became very angry at this and several arguments [ensued?]. One of my sisters wrote me from London to remember the blue blood in my veins. Well, for the time being I let the matter drop and some way or other I never found time to take it up again.

“But I did write my sister and tell her that I’d rather be a citizen of the United States than have all the blue blood in England,” laughingly added Mrs. Suffolk. “[And?] furthered my statement to her by explaining that my blood looked as red as any U.S. citizen. This infuriated her, but I held my ground.

“After a period of two years in New York and at the [Battle Creek Sanatorium?], I developed a bronchial trouble and the physician under whom I was working advised that I come to Florida for the winter. I came to 10 Jacksonville, and on arriving liked it so well I stayed several years.”

Just then our attention was taken by a woman walking along the road carrying a baby in her arms, several children trailed behind her. Mrs. Suffolk explained that she lived in the neighborhood and was one of the persons she had tried to educate on the subject of diets.

“I did some nursing in Jacksonville,” she continued, “then I took over a rooming house and operated it for a friend of mine while she went north. It was there that I met John and we

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were married. After that, I thought for a long time that my marriage to an American citizen, automatically made me one, but I found out later that I was wrong.

“John sounded so English to me, and though I loved America and Florida very dearly, it was good to hear him. I soon found out though, that he was of English descent and therefore had many English ways.

“His people came over in the Mayflower,” she laughed. “I knew that many people claim that distinction, but it is really true in his case. He was born in Ashbury, [Massachusetts?], a tiny settlement somewhere near [Boston?], I think. He is nearly [?] now, but he's spent the better part of his life in Florida. He lived near here for years and owned other property at a place called [Sulphur?] Springs, Florida.

“He was married once before, and though his first wife has long since passed away, he has two fine daughters, both working. They live near [Valdesta?], Georgia. One owns a large dairy farm which she and her husband run, and the other is working in an office. They come down to see us every now and then and we talk and drink tea.

“John was apprenticed to a [cabinet?] maker in his youth and learned that trade; later he became a building contractor. He [remodeled?] this house and it was the [emfulent?] old shell you ever saw. I will take you through before you leave so you can see just what he's done. I think it's 11 remarkable that he can do so much skillful work at his age, but he's still very capable. I think that if anything happened to our poultry farm he'd be able to make a living at carpentry.

“Right after we were married, which was about three years after I came to Jacksonville, we moved down here to the Ridge [Section?]. [We?] spent several additional years moving about trying to discover a suitable [location?] and finally settled in [Sebring?] where we intended to make a permanent home.

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"We have been poultry farmers almost from the time of our marriage and are completely wrapped up in it. We started with no experience at all.

"In Sebring during the boom days we made money, but our expenses were heavy, too. At one time we had 3,000 laying hens, and we got [80?]¢ a dozen for eggs wholesale. We didn't have many retail sales because of the wholesale [demand?], but we sold a few dozen now and then at one dollar each.

"Dressed frying size chickens brought 50¢ and [60?]¢ a pound. Hens weren't much cheaper. Feed costs were high then and sometimes we paid as much as \$5.00 for a 100 pounds of laying mash, but believe me there was a great deal of satisfaction in making a lot of money even when production costs were so high.

A loud knock at the back door [arrested?] Mrs. Suffolk. She excused herself to answer it. [Peter, Pansy-Face?] followed her, but Michael rose and came to lay his head in my lap.

While she was gone I walked about the room only to discover that the house seemed divided into two or three apartments. Across the hall I could see another livingroom, while the room I was in opened into a large bedroom whose bay window [afforded?] a north view of the lake.

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Returning from the kitchen through doors almost in alignment Mrs. Suffolk shrugged her shoulders:

"Just a neighbor hunting John," she explained.

[Seating?] herself she resumed:

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"Shortly after making so much money with the [eggs?], I was [seriously?] injured in an automobile wreck. [It happened?] while I was out driving with some friends. A wheel came off and the car overturned. This took nearly all the money we had.

"We lived in Sebring a number of years, but some way or other we didn't feel that we wanted to make it our permanent home. We finally [came?] over here to look around and the minute I saw this place I wanted it. I loved the lake and the big grove," she pointed through the window indicating the large grove that followed the lake and [bordered?] the road.

"We had to sell a lot of chickens in order to have enough money to do the the place over, but we didn't mind. John said we had too many anyway, and if it has continued he would have had to hire some one to help him. That is rarely successful in poultry farming. As soon as we knew we could get this place, we rented that old green house across the road to live in while we fixed this one up.

"This place was certainly [delapidated?] , just a big old shell with a fallen down roof and rotted porch. It seemed almost impossible to make anything of it, but to attempt the impossible is often the way to success," she added [philosophically?].

"Of course John fixed temporary quarters for the few chickens we had left, and I took care of them while he worked on the house. We'd get up every morning at 4.30, and while I got breakfast, he cleaned the hen houses and fed the hens. Then when breakfast was over he went to work on the house and I saw the hens 13 through the day. I also collected, cleaned and [?] the eggs so that he could deliver them in the afternoon."

We walked toward the front windows and pointed to a gasoline [??] on the lake front.

"That is necessary because the chickens need so much water. It was a problem when [we?] first came here because we weren't connected with the city water lines, but after John installed that pump our problem was solved. This all sounds funny, but laying hens

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can never be left without water. It doesn't hurt them to go without food for a while, but water never.

"It was while we were living in the green house that I took a poor sick girl in. [She?] was dying of [pellagra?] when I get [her?], and had been given up to die. It was crowded in my place but there wasn't anything else to do, because she didn't have a soul to help her. I put her on special diet and gave her all the care I could, and I soon got results!" exclaimed Mrs. [Suffolk?].

"After we moved over to this house I took in another sick woman whose family cast her off. [She?] was a problem though, and turned out to be a mental [case;?] she frequently became violent.

"Most of my friends were actually afraid to come and see me while she was here, and they all begged me to get the county to do something. [Well?], when I first heard of her she was in need of quick help, and help from the county or anything else would have taken a lot of time and red tape. So she stayed with me about six weeks and improved so much that her family took her back again. She lived to die with something else.

"As I have [mentioned?] before John isn't a good mixer, but he never objects to my having friends, nor to me bringing people here to help. He 14 is the soul of [kindness?] and after all, if we can't be kind and helpful to people we meet along the way of life, what does the effort of living amount to!" she asked softly.

"He never expanded our [poeltry?] work after coming here. [?] now have about 300 laying hens and that is sufficient for a modest living as our needs are few. John obtains a [little?] work in town ever so often and I sell a few flowers so we [get?] along.

"The hens are now at the height of the laying season and we get about an 80% production. Prices [fluctuate?] of course, but within the past few weeks, or probably two moths, we have been getting from [36¢?] to [65¢?] a dozen for them wholesale. [?] specialize in

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day old-age for private customers. [Sometimes?] John [trades?] a few at the store for groceries.

“Feed is not as high now as it [?] was, and that helps some. The average price now is [\$2.00?] a 100 lbs. It costs an average of 75¢ [a?] year to feed a laying hen.

“[Bringing?] them up to the laying point is the most expensive part. Sometimes we buy baby chicks, just a day old, but it's best to buy six-week old pullets. They cost more, but most of the danger period is over, and that is an expense saved.

“When we are [breeding?] baby chicks we have to exercise the utmost care. [We?] never leave [the?] premises, and we make regular two-hour trips to the [breeder?] houses, day and night. Chicks are just like babies, and if you leave them for any length of time, they manage to get in trouble.”

She suggested that we take a look at the chickens, and cautioned me about getting too close as I would frighten them.

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[As?] we passed through the yard I had a chance to admire her many flowers including the room garden, a grape arbor, and a trellis-like fence covered with [flame?] vine.

Inside the poultry yards I saw the large white chicken houses and the wire net fences surrounding each. [As?] we walked about Mrs. Suffolk continued her conversation.

“The poultry work is very interesting, and it is amazing the amount of intelligence that chickens have. They all know John and myself, and if a stranger comes too close they fly in all directions. The [shook?] causes them to moult and thus reduces egg production.

“During the tail-end of a hurricane we got a few years ago, it blew the roof off one of the hen houses and drenched the hens, otherwise they weren't hurt. But the shock made them

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quit laying and start to moulting, it was three months before I could bring them back to their former status. Shocks are bad, as they are extremely nervous.

“[?] successful poultryman must be constantly on the go, the houses must be cleaned and disinfected regularly to keep down diseases and [insects?]. Chickens have their diseases just like humans do, such as colds, pneumonia, fever, etc. Once a chicken becomes ill John wrings its neck and burns it, because even though it is cured, it is weak and is the first to come down with something else. Anyway when they're sick or subject to sickness their egg production drops off and they aren't any good.”

[Speaking?] with the assurance of one who has had experience, she went on.

“Chickens must have food and water all the time, for the more they eat and drink the higher the egg production. [?] one time we experimented 16 with lighting the poultry houses early in the mornings before the sun rose and getting the hens off the roosts, but it was too expensive so we quit. In winter we cook up a warm [mush?] to raise egg production. This is all hard work, and once started must be strictly adhered too.”

We stopped near a thick [cabbage?] patch which had been planted to provide green stuff for the chickens.

“It is not practical to raise any green foods except cabbage,” she explained, “and usually John does not even attempt that, as the earth in this section is not suited to it. The hens should have the tenderest of green things, like lettuce, but it won't grow at all, so we just plant a few cabbages. He usually obtains scrap vegetables from the stores and as a general rule there's enough to go around, so we don't have to plant.

“Chickens must be kept on a regular routine for they notice any [deviation?] in footstuffs, and retaliate by refusing to lay. Of course they cannot control this for it's their nature.

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"Collecting the eggs and preparing them for market is no easy task either. They must be graded, washed, and packed carefully, but in spite of the work, I love it, "she added earnestly.

Retracing our steps toward the house, we were stopped by a young girl running through the yard.

"Mis Suffy, ma [?] kin yo lend her three aigs till she kin pay you tomorrow[!?]"

"Why yes Judy! exclaimed Mrs. Suffolk, "I will be glad to let her have them, but tell me, did your mother use those carrots I sent yesterday!"

Judy hung her tousled head and dug a grimey toe in the sand. "No [mam?], she shore didn't, she said them carrots was only fittin for cow feed."

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Mrs. Suffolk sighed in disgust.

"Well Judy, what is your mother having for supper tonight? And why does she want the eggs?"

"I reckon we'll have side meat," replied the child, "with fried bread, like we most always has."

Mrs. Suffolk entered her kitchen while I stood on the back porch and listened to her conversation with Judy.

"Now Judy, I am sending over a half dozen eggs, and you tell your mother to scramble them like I showed her the other day," instructed Mrs. Suffolk. [What?] did you do with the light bread I sent over with the carrots? Did you throw it away too?"

"No [mam?]," replied Judy unabashed, "we still got hit."



"Alright, tell your mother to make toast of it, dry toast, and tell her not to cook that white pork, and don't eat fried bread either. Now, if she'll scramble the eggs and make toast, and let you eat it that way, I won't charge her for the eggs. Can you tell her that?"

Judy nodded in the affirmative and grabbing the bag raced off across the yard like a badly scared rabbit.

My hostess sighed again and gazed after her with a wondering look.

"I don't know why I let such people worry me," she added, "but I'm always concerned over their welfare. They seem so helpless and indifferent. Somebody must do something for them! The way they eat literally terrifies me, nothing but fat pork and fried bread, day in and day out. Occasionally they manage a few collard greens, but they're always so smothered in grease that it isn't fit to eat. Poor things, I do wish I could make them understand, but it's impossible.

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"These people don't even send their children to school half of the time. I helped them with clothes and insisted that they go, but it didn't do any good. The United States offers the greatest opportunities in every way, and the schools are wonderful. They teach the children so much more than the usual, and it's the unusual from which the greatest benefits are derived. children here seem so much more independent and self reliant than in my day, and they knew a great deal about general economic conditions.

"Often, I long to attend school, and if it wouldn't create such a [sensation?] I would. Public schools in this country teach good citizenship and neighborly qualities which so many of us need."

She suggested showing me the interior of her home, adding that she wanted me to see what wonderful work John had accomplished.

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[We?] entered the vestibule in the front of the house and turned to the left off the hall, here I observed that my guess had been correct about the house being arranged in such a way that it could be converted into several apartments. The large front room I had thought to be another living room, proved to be Mrs. Suffolk's sewing room. It contained a modern sewing machine, a large hand woven basket and a suite of wicker furniture.

The large bedroom on this side of the house was furnished with [mahogany?]. Two smaller rooms, opposite the dining room and kitchen had gay linoleum on the floor and the general color scheme ran to rose, green, and grey.

"I planned this home of ours," Mrs. Suffolk said, "and John has faithfully carried out every detail. There are ten rooms and a bath. We may add a screen porch some day, but it will not be soon.

"I love company and I wanted plenty of room, so I planned accordingly. I also planned for the apartment arrangement, for one never knows when 20 they might need it. You see, I had the bathroom placed right in the center of the house so that it could be reached from any of the bedrooms. It took quite a bit of thinking, but we managed."

As we talked we moved through the rooms and out onto a large back porch.

"[He?] may glass this in someday," she added, "and make a sun porch out of it, but if necessary it too can be converted into a bedroom. At present, it makes a good storage place."

Her kitchen and dining room were neat and clean. A built-in china closet in the dining room showed off gleaming, china and silverware, and a vase of flowers in the center of the table added color to the room.

[?] side door leading from the kitchen took us back to the yard and toward the lake.

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"[?] subscribe to a daily paper," she remarked, "and I enjoy reading the news, especially the political news. I can't vote and John doesn't care for it now that he's so old. I think he's a Republican, but he seldom mentions these affairs.

"How if I were voting I'd certainly be a Democrat, for I think that they are the right party; they do so much for the people. Of course I cannot see much need for several parties like some folks do, but as long as we have them, I guess all we can do is make our choice and stick by it.

"For myself, I heartily approve of all the aid the Government gives the people, and I appreciate their efforts in undertaking such a tremendous task. In just the past few years in traveling over the state I have seen many improvements, farms that have been habilitated, freshly painted homes, and flourishing gardens, where a few years ago there was desolation.

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"Although I cannot vote, I urge my friends to do so. I wish I could vote, because I love this land with all its freedom and unlimited power. I hope it will always remain free and without war. War is such a terrible ungodly thing. My brother who lives in [Canada?] was a veteran; he finally died from his wounds."

[She?] paused and stopped to pluck a spray of [mauve chrysanthemum?]. The ducks on the lake quacked a friendly greeting.

"It never seemed to me that God gave us this beautiful world to fight over; it is large and there is plenty of room for everyone. But people are greedy.

"I am not a church member right now, but I continue my church duties and attend regularly. During my youth I was an [Episcopalian?], but when I came to [?] Park I left that church and joined the [Nazarene?]. There seemed such a need of workers there, and their [creed?] seemed [so?] honest and sincere. I realise now that they are unnecessarily strict,

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but at that time it seemed all right. We women never cut our hair, and no one ever thought of [attending?] a moving picture.

“Troubles arose however, within the church, and they seem to grow. That worried me a lot, so after a while I withdrew for I want my church to be quiet and peaceful. [Since?] then I have attended the Baptist and the Methodist churches. John is not a member either, but he is always willing to drive me in on Sundays and wait for me. He says he gets along just as well outside the church. He has no bad habits, he don't even drink [tea?] like I do, “she laughed.

She turned again to her flowers and told me that she sold a few now and then, especially the [chrysanthemums?] which grew exceedingly well along the lake front.

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“Of course our [months?] are limited and every little bit helps, but after I work with the flowers they seem so human that I can hardly stand the thought of selling them. Then people come for them I usually give them away, unless our [?] is pressing.

“Sometime I want to travel all over the United States, but no matter where I go I want to come back to Florida, it is a part of me.